DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1916. NUMBER 14

Published every week.
$1.00 a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

He was Kind.

In life he went his simple way,
To dignities and fame unknown!
The little things of everyday
He did with gladness all his own!
He kept his smile, how keen the strife.
And he was sweet and clean of mind!
He knew the greatest need of life.
For he was kind.

He had no dreams that heroes dream!
He came and went as toilers do!
His joys were simple joys, that seem
Not such as I should have, or you!
He sought the way of truth to lead
By lights such as he came to find!
He knew life's one and greatest need.
For he was kind.

He played in life the greatest part
He could, as runs this mortal plan!
He kept no evil in his heart,
And sought to help his fellow man!
The friends who came upon his way
He sought by firmer ties to bind,
And made life sweeter every day,
For he was kind.

So let me live my life, and know
The sweet and simple word and deed
Of kindness, where I chance to go,
Are life's one greatest, hungriest need
And when I go upon my way
Where those deep shadows creep and wind,
I ask of Truth but this—to say
That I was kind.

How the Express Was Saved.

"How do you feel now, dearie?" A tired, white-faced mother, worn with her night-long vigil, bent tenderly over the little sufferer on the bed. But there was no reply to her question—the sick child was too far gone for that. Only slight movement of the lips and a faint quivering of the eyelids told that she had heard and understood. Mary Marlow wrung her hands despairingly, and turned to where her husband sat, with his face half covered with his hand.

"Oh Jim, why doesn't the doctor come?"

Marlow looked up, and crossing the room to where his wife stood, put his arms around her to comfort her. "There, there, Mary," he said, huskily, "don't give away, dear; Hampton surely can't be long now. The trouble is that the floods are rising everywhere, and in many places have already covered the roads. That is what is keeping him back. And we've done everything we can for the little one. She's in the Lord's hands now."

Yes, they had done all they could, this sorrow-stricken man and woman, and there was nothing left to do but to watch and wait for the doctor's coming. Their house stood miles out from the city, in a village nestling among the hills. And the floods were out—Jim, himself, had all his work cut out to get through—with the water still rising. It would be no easy matter for Dr. Hampton to reach them, indeed, even if he managed to get through at all. But he came at last, wet, breathless, splashed to the eyes. Explaining briefly that he'd been detained by the forming floods, the doctor turned towards the suffering child. She was breathing fitfully and with great labor. Her lips were white, and the perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. Presently he turned, and beckoning the anxious parents to follow him, went out of the room.

"Your little girl is in an extremely critical condition," he said gravely. "In fact, there is only one thing that can save her, and that is an operation within two hours at latest." The woman sank half fainting into a chair, and the man said, brokenly, "Go on, sir."

"Well, this operation—an extremely difficult and delicate one—I can't undertake. I am only an ordinary practitioner, and this job is quite beyond me. In fact, there is only one man within forty miles that could perform it with any hope of success—Haynes Leslie, of Portville, and what you must do, Marlow, is to take my machine—I've cycled over—and ride like a man possessed down into Portville and bring Leslie. I'll stay here and watch the child. Wait a moment. Give him this note. Tell him also that I foresaw this crisis and that the necessary instruments are here."

Marlow was on his way to the door before the doctor had well finished speaking.

"Now, remember everything depends on Leslie being here in a couple of hours," he warned, as Jim wheeled out into the road. Oh, and, Marlow, you'll find the water over the road between Abbottsville and Brailey. I ran right into it. You'd better follow the railroad track for a couple of miles. You'll get through in half time."

The rain had now ceased, but the ground was sodden, and the going terribly hard. Every now and then Jim found himself riding through water a foot deep. But it made no difference. On he went through slush or mud or flood. The thought of what depended on his speed turned his muscles into steel. On he rode, feeling no fatigue, his heart pounding in his breast. One thought only possessed him—the saving of his little girlie, dearer to him than life.

Just above Abbottsville he turned on to the railroad. All of a sudden he caught sight of something which halted him in spite of all his eagerness. He was passing through a deep cutting, and right in front of him, across the metals, lay a huge, red mass of earth and rock—tons upon tons of it. What did it mean? The mystery disappeared when he came up to it. Undermined by the torrential rains a portion of the face of the cutting had collapsed and fallen across the track. Not a soul was in sight, and Jim, realizing what that meant, felt his heart grow almost cold. If he turned aside from his journey to obtain help, he would be too late with Dr. Leslie. And, if he went on——.

"I can't help it," he said aloud. "Things must take their course. I can't let my own child die. Probably some one else will be along in a few minutes." He went on, and then stopped again. A sudden thought hit him straight between the eyes. He whipped out his watch. It was half-past three. In less than a quarter of an hour the Western Express would be due at that point. He stood panting, his face working convulsively. A sudden vision rose up before him—the express as he had often watched it thunder by, bearing its freight of precious lives, its burden of living, breathing, palpitating humanity, its host of little children with chubby noses and hands pressed against the window panes, as they looked out of the landscape. Children like his own dear girlie. Little children!

Then, for one awful instant, rose up another vision—the leap of the maddened locomotive; the rending of wood and the crashing of steel; the roar of flames; the piercing, heart-rending screams——. He put it all from him with a fierce gesture. "God have mercy on 'em," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "I can't help it. It's my little one's life against theirs. I can't kill my own child."

Once more he started forward, till he came to the spot where he was to leave the railroad tracks for the highway. He began to mount the bank, the bicycle slung over one shoulder. Suddenly he stopped and flung it down with a half-smothered sob. How could he abandon scores, perhaps, hundreds, of human beings to an awful fate, when it lay within his power to save them—ay, even though in so doing he must sacrifice his own child!

"I can't do it," he burst out; "I can't do it. The express must be saved. And Mary would think the same."

He dashed down on to the track once more. There was still ten minutes! He mounted his wheel, and dashed along in the direction in which the express would come. Some considerable distance away from the great heap of obstructing earth and rock he halted, dismounted, to wait for the coming of the express. Marlow took out his watch. Nearly a quarter to four. No hope now of Dr. Leslie getting to the bedside of his little girl within the two hours. Well, he could but do his duty, and if he could not save both the train and his child——.

Then he stiffened. There was a faint, subdued vibration in the air. The metals begun to hum. The express was coming! Another moment, and it came into sight, a mere speck in the distance. In an instant Jim had his coat off, and began waving it frantically around his head. On came the express like a whirlwind! Louder and louder grew the roar! Would the engineer never see him? Ah! A hoarse shriek of warning burst from the racing monster. Marlow redoubled his efforts, waving his arms and shouting with all his might. Another whistle! Would they never apply the brakes? Yes, there it was—that hissing, grinding noise which told that the brakes were being shut down. The express was pulled up. "I've done it—done it," he cried hysterically; "I've saved the train—but—but—I've killed my own child!"

He was just conscious of blurting out his news to the people who crowded around him; then he felt his knees give way beneath him, and everything passed into oblivion.

A grave, middle-aged man was kneeling by Jim Marlow when he opened his eyes. He gazed around for a moment; then, as recollection came crowding back, he gave a smothered cry, and attempted to rise.

"God have mercy—my little child," he cried.

"There—there—don't excite yourself," said the middle-aged man, kindly. "Take it easy for a minute or two."

"The brave fellow's a bit delirious, isn't he, Doc?" remarked a sympathetic passenger.

Jim started up at the word. "Doctor? Are you a doctor sir?

The other man nodded. "Yes," he replied; "Haynes Leslie, of Portville." Marlow gave a loud cry of wonder, joy, and astonishment, mingled in one. He passed a trembling hand over his eyes.

"Now I thank my God," he said, solemnly, "that He has had pity on me, and helped me to do the right thing in spite of myself."

He struggled hastily to his feet, fumbled in his pocket for Doctor Hampton's note, found it, and handed it to the other doctor. "Read that, Doc," he said. "I was on my way to get you, when I ran up against this."

Leslie read the note hurriedly, then took out his watch. "How long will it take, walking, to get over to your home?"

"Nearly half an hour."

"Then," said the doctor, "we are well within the time. Gentlemen," he went on, turning to the crowd of passengers, standing on the tracks, "this brave man's deed must be remembered another day. But I must hurry him away now. It is a matter of life or death."

Taking Jim's arm, he led him through the crowd. "Now as fast as you like," he said, as they started forward. "Come on, and bring your machine along."

It was nearly two hours later that Jim and Mary Marlow sat waiting with sickening anxiety in the outer room of their hillside home. Presently the door of the bedroom opened and the two doctors came quietly out. The parents started to their feet, the question they dared not ask glinting from their eyes.

Dr. Leslie smiled reassuringly. "It's all right," he said, in a low, but cheery, tone. "Everything has gone off well—very well indeed. Of course, you'll need a nurse, but Dr. Hampton will see to that, and tell you what else to do for the little patient. I think you may safely dismiss all fears as to her ultimate recovery."

The fountain of the mother's tears was unsealed. "How can I thank you, doctor?" she sobbed, as the tears rained down.

"Thank me for nothing, madam. You—all of us—must thank your husband. Had he not saved my life this afternoon, I couldn't well have saved your child's to-night."
—*Western Recorder.*

Rev. Franklin C. Smielau's Appointments.

APRIL

8—Harrisburg, 8 p.m., Wedding.
9—Lancaster, 10:30 a.m., Confirmation, and 2 p.m., Service at St. James Church.
Lebanon, 7:30 p.m.
11—Christ, Williamsport, 8 p.m.
15—Allentown, Lecture, 8 p.m.
16—Trinity, Easton, 10:45 a.m.
Church of the Mediator, Allentown, 2 p.m.
Christ Chapel, Reading, 7 p.m.
21—Utica, N. Y.
22—Syracuse, N. Y.
23—Easter Day, St. Luke's, Rochester, 10:30 a.m.
Trinity, Buffalo, 7:30 p.m.
27-28—Pittsburgh.
30—Cleveland, 10:45 a.m., Holy Communion, and 8 p.m.

Mr. Smielau will hold his farewell services at Rochester and Buffalo on Easter Sunday.

GALLAUDET HOME.

"There is laughter in the woodlands,
Where the blackbirds love to sing,
And where nature's sweet awak'ning
Tells the new birth of the Spring

"There is laughter in the heaven,
In the streamlet on the hill,
And the violets are peeping
In the valley cool and still.

"In my heart there too is laughter,
Thoughts so happy and so gay,
For the winter closes sorrow,
And the dark clouds pass away.

"There is laughter in the breezes,
In the notes the songsters sing,
And the world with me rejoices
With the glory of the Spring."

By the time this correspondence of mine appears in the columns of this enterprising little newspaper, I suppose the snows of winter will have left us entirely, and the grass and flowers and trees which have appeared to be dead during the long cold winter, will come to life again. On account of its many snowstorms, the winter which has just left us was a beautiful as well as a trying one. We are all very glad, the deep, deep snows are leaving us, for they were an immense inconvenience to travel and business.

Mrs. Horton, the laundress, is dead and gone. She worked here as laundress for twenty-six years. Now and then she was suffering from a complication of diseases, and Doctor Wood, the family physician, after making an examination of her case, said she could not get well unless she underwent an operation. She was quite pleased with his suggestion, and on the morning of the tenth of March, the matron accompanied her to the Vassar Hospital up in Poughkeepsie, where she was operated on the day following. She died shortly after the operation was performed on her. The matron being informed that she was dying, hastened with all speed to her bedside, and reached the hospital an hour or so before she passed away. Mrs. Horton was in her sixty-seventh year, and leaves four sons. The funeral services were held at the residence of her son, Isaac, in the town of Wappinger's Falls, on Monday, March 13th, and she was buried in a rural cemetery somewhere near Poughkeepsie. Everybody here was surprised and sorry when it was announced that Mrs. Horton had passed away at the hospital. She was liked by all. Although she did not know the sign language or finger alphabet, she was a rather intelligent woman and an admirable natural sign maker. Most all the residents could understand her talk. A subscription amounting to about five dollars was raised among the residents for the purchase of a cluster of flowers, and it was said to be the prettiest of all the floral contributions. The lady managers also sent a cluster of flowers. Mrs. William Conzelman and Miss Sarah Porter, who worked in the laundry with Mrs. Horton, attended the funeral with Mr. Murphy and the matron. On their way back here, Janitor Murphy missed his gloves and turned back to call at such places as he had stopped at to make inquiries about them. His search was a failure, but as he was in the act of lifting a blanket from the seat of the sleigh, he, as luck would have it, found his gloves. His three passengers had a good laugh at him and thought he had played a joke on himself. He did not think so.

Mr. Isaac Newton Soper has made an excellent shade for his incandescent electric light, which sends all the light on the book or paper he may be reading. This venerable gentleman has jumped head first into the unfathomable depths of the Scriptures, and by his Sunday services believes he is going to make cherubs of us all. We are wondering if he will succeed.

In my last correspondence I spoke of the cat Fritz, who seems to know that a man is blind, because whenever he wants to go out of doors he will pull at the trousers of a blind man, if one is around, or if no one else is at hand to attend to his wants, meaning "Let me out." It seems to me that this cat must be possessed of a reason which is something more than instinct. Is it not? Mr. C. Q. Mann, who preached here on Sunday, March 26th, surprised this correspondent by saying that his dog knows the sign language to some extent. By the sign language, the dog has learned to do several useful duties for his master. "Get my collar," says Mr. Mann, to his dog, by making the sign for collar and then pointing to the place where the article may be. As quick as the dog sees the sign for the collar he is off at a single bound and within a few seconds he places the collar in his master's hand. "Get my hat," says Mr Mann to his dog, on any morning before going to work. As soon as the sign for "hat" is made the dog is running there and thither about the rooms of the house in search of it. Is it not more wonderful for an animal to be taught to do things by the sign-language of the deaf than by the human voice or by word of mouth? Mr. Mann thinks it is.

The remains of Mr. P. Clarke and Mrs. Noe, who passed away last winter, were taken from the town vault during the last week of March and buried in the family burial plot.

Mrs. William Patterson and Sarah J. Bayne are feeling a little alarmed over the fact that a huge swarm of wasps have made their nests under the eaves near their windows. They regard such insects as uncomfortable and unwelcome neighbors, and think something should be done to banish them and their nests from their building. Why the insects make their home in such places no one seemed to know, but this correspondent had no difficulty in understanding that the flower garden on the east side of the house was and will always be responsible for the presence of the many swarms of wasps, bees and other insects. Must this little garden go? Oh no! It is one of the matron's pet possessions and is the delight and charm of the Home during the warm Summer months and the cool days of Autumn, and it is very unlikely she would consent to have it removed. Beside its many beautiful and rainbow-tinted flowers it bears many shrubs. The swarm of bees which made several pounds of honey in the hollow of a tree less than a hundred feet from the house last Summer, seem to have obtained their honey or syrup from the flower garden right here, for there is not a flower garden within a radius of a mile of this place.

The hive in the tree was robbed of its honey by some Italians, who visited it late one night in October. They were enabled to perform their despicable work with the aid of a ladder and a lantern. There are plenty of Italians within this locality who are employed in the quarry less than half a mile south of here.

I have already stated that the winter which has just left us was a beautiful winter. Indeed it was. It made the house look beautiful at times or whenever a thaw occurred. Then the visitor might have seen, hanging from the overhanging eaves, icicles a yard long or as big around as a man's arm. When the rays of the glorious sun shone on them, they sparkled like bright jewels of the mine, and made the home look like the abode of a fairy or the residence of Jack Frost. The icicles were formed by the melting of the immense quantity of the snow on the roof. During the winter the snow is never removed from the roof. It should be. It is not safe for so many heavy icicles to be hanging from the edge of the roof. The weight is liable to injure the roof. On one of the outer sills of a window on the façade of the building a column of ice, weighing several hundred pounds, was formed in a single night. It was shaped like a cone. One of the men broke it into pieces, and thus removed it. It was caused by the leaking of the roof.

Mr. Knight, the plumber, and his assistant, Mr. Cheehan, have been here quite often lately. The last time they were here, the writer taught them how to talk on their fingers, and now they can carry on conversation with the deaf and feel glad they can. Mr. Knight has the honor of having one of the most beautiful little boys in Wappinger's Falls. He is now four years old, and when he came here with his father one day a year ago, all the folks thought he was a little girl, he looked so much like one. Mr. Cheehan has been working with Mr. Knight the past four years. He is a young man of twenty-two, while Mr. Knight is somewhat middle-aged, and has been doing plumbing jobs here for the past fourteen years. Mr. Knight says the gasoline pump isn't much good. It was out of order several times during the winter and caused no little inconvenience. An electric pump is what is wanted.

Mr. Soper's alarm clock has gone out of commission. For twenty-five years this clock awakened him when it was time for him to leave his warm, comfortable bed, and hurry off to his daily task. This clock is something similar to such clocks as are used by many deaf mutes. It is a remarkable contrivance. It is so arranged that when the alarm sounds it lets fall a rubber pillow on the face of the sleeper. The sleeper feeling the cold rubber on his head or face knows it is time to rise. Continuously for twenty-five years it performed its functions without a hitch.

As I pen this message this very thirtieth of March, the Ingalls family are moving out of the house on the farm, where they have spent the past six years. They are going to live on a twenty acre farm, half a mile southwest of Wappinger's Falls. Their new abode is only half a mile from the public school, so little Miss Evelin Ingalls, who bids fair to be the star of her father's house, will be able to go to and from school on foot. One of the teachers of the school lives near the farm. While visiting the farmhouse the other day the writer was taken into the parlor by little Evelin and bade sit down near the piano while she played a melodious tune. Before starting to play she induced the writer to place his hand on the side of the piano and keep it there in order that he might perceive, through his sense of touch or feeling, the music. How she came to know that a man totally deaf was or is able to feel the sweet sounds of music by the sense of feeling, is a mystery to me. She is only nine years of age, but seems to understand the ways of the deaf better than many people much older than she. Indeed, the totally deaf are able to perceive the slightest sound of most any musical instrument through their sense of touch. All such sounds as they feel or that come in contact with their bodies is much like hearing to them, therefore they may not be said to be dwelling in a sphere of dead silence, as many people suppose they are. By placing a stick, or his hand, into the babbling waters of a brook, a totally deaf person may feel that peculiar sound it makes. He will feel it say—

"I chatter, chatter as I flow,
To join the brimming river
For men may come, and men may go
But I go on forever."

The totally deaf are practically cut off from the voice of nature. They have no way to feel the voice of the wind, distant thunder, or the the sweet songs of the birds, simply because such sounds do not come in contact with their perception of sound. On the contrary they distinctly feel the peculiar noises of the things they are wont to handle, and the noises they themselves make. The article I wrote on sound perception *versus* deafness, has been printed in a great many newspapers of the deaf, so it is needless to say much more about it here. On account of their wonderful ability to perceive sounds, the deaf are a happy lot. It is harder for them to feel that they are deaf. It must not be supposed that the totally deaf can learn to play on all kinds of musical instruments, or keep time to it, when dancing or drilling, for such a thing is utterly impossible. Such instruments are, therefore, of no benefit to them whatever. They may, however, enjoy their sounds through their sense of feeling. Teaching music in the Schools for the Deaf is only beneficial to the semi-deaf, or all who have a particle of hearing. It is even as much a waste of time to be teaching the totally deaf music, as it is to be teaching them how to speak and read the lips.

S. R.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
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The Peaceful Preparedness of the Swiss.

While travelling in Switzerland within recent years, before this war in Europe, I was much interested in its remarkable "*Military System.*" Although a little country of not over four million inhabitants, it maintains a force of over half a million well-drilled, citizen-soldiery, who, like the clansmen of "Rhoderick Dhu," can be called up, at short notice, to repel any invaders. Long ages of oppression have taught this brave and patriotic people the importance of being well "*prepared*" against despotic invasion.

Although having no "standing army," yet every male citizen, high or low, has to prepare from boyhood for military service, by certain days and methods of training. Boys at school are early taught the manual of arms. At the age of 17 each boy must devote, in the first year, two months and a half of time to company drill and marksmanship. All the years subsequent, till the age of about thirty, about two weeks' time annually must be given to this patriotic duty. From those years, until about fifty, they graduate into the older Reserves, with a few days only of annual practice of arms, ready to be called upon at any crisis. All this routine is done most cheerfully by all classes of young and older men, for, though made compulsory, all enter into its spirit with alacrity and enthusiasm. Then town and canton clubs of soldiery give the boys and young men a fine opportunity for combined service and pleasure, superior to our national football and baseball games, that give active exercise to comparatively few, while the majority of our growing boys are often idlers, without any definite recreating habits. This Swiss System, if it could be inaugurated in the United States, would produce ten or fifteen million Citizen Soldiery, that would be an invulnerable wall of defence against any possible belligerent invaders. This, like the present Swiss Military System, could be maintained permanently, with less expense to the government than our present standing army of one hundred thousand men. The Swiss National Government, (through each canton city,) furnishes all the accoutrements of war, guns, ammunition, uniforms, and all expenditures connected with this public service. The first troops to be called to arms number two hundred fifty thousand. The first reserves, men of thirty to forty-five, number about the same. After that, the older men, Reserves, could be called to the colors, if necessity so demand. While traversing this delightful and picturesque country, many times, during my five years in Europe, I could not but observe the shooting places, or Marksmen's Fields, situated against a hillside, where the military companies assembled to learn to "hit the bull's eye" at first shot.

America has yet much to learn from these wide-awake Swiss. They have already taught the world watch making, International Postage Exchange, Parcel Post, stem-winding-watches, harnessing their snow- and ice-bound mountains with electricity, so as to produce "White Coal," for light and heat. Religious freedom and tolerance, many industrial inventions, enconomy, Republican integrity, high educational ideals, vocal and instrumental music, civic righteousness, and many other commendable achievements, also have been inaugurated by Switzerland.

Supremely, in this insane age of war and international slaughter, they have taught mankind how to be peaceful and mental, yet prepare to defend their rights, while surrounded by a chain of fighting nations.

HENRY M. HALL.

Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf.

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb,
Missionary-in-charge.
Mr. Thomas Marsden, *Lay-Reader.*

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Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - - $1.00

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves.
And not for all the race"

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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WE are quite in accord with the loyal way in which Mr. James W. Howson, of San Francisco (or rather Berkeley) stands up for the climate of California, as evidenced by a recent article in the California *News*. But we take exception to his naive summary of the habits of the citizens and the climatic conditions in other parts of the United States. He says: "The average Easterner, in his home clime, passes through several sweltering months of summer climate and a short but delightful fall. With the first blasts of winter, he begins to hibernate—that is, he steam heats his domicile up to seventy or eighty degrees Fahrenheit."

Just what Mr. Howson means by "the average Easterner," he alone can explain. Our conversations with Californians developed the peculiar fact that they regard Denver or Omaha as in the Far East, and such western cities as Chicago they seem to think is on the edge of the Atlantic.

The minds of people who reside on the Atlantic coast are invariably impregnated with the opinion that Omaha and Denver are in the middle West.

It is charitable to assume, therefore, that a part of Mr. Howson's opinion was begotten of the hot waves he accompanied last Summer to and from the Frat Convention at Omaha. Those torrid blasts he experienced on that occasion were very much modified long before they reached the eastern seaboard. Such is usually the case.

On this side of the continent the impression is general that California has a grand climate, and all who have enjoyed the trip to the Golden Gate and a sojourn anywhere along the California coast, speak of it in terms of rapture—and this is said without any desire to institute comparisons with any other sections of the country.

However, Mr. Howson is wrong in his estimate of the "easterner's" sensitiveness to cold. On this Island of Manhattan, upon which the city of New York is centered, we enjoy all kinds of weather peculiar to the different seasons of the year. And we have the full quota of seasons each year—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Each of the seasons are delightful, and a variety of sports, pastimes, social functions, and entertainments, severally associated with each, are enjoyed to the limit.

In winter, we do not shiver when the thermometer goes down to thirty, nor do we complain of heat when it registers eighty. The disagreeable days of extreme heat or extreme cold are so few that they only emphasize the customary salubrity of the climate in which it is our blessed privilege to live. The coasting and skating which the past winter brought to gladden the hearts and send the warm red blood tingling through the veins, was a health-giving joy that few of us will ever forget. The warm summer days will bring happiness and pleasure, for even in the hottest weather a nickel will take any one in less than half an hour to cool and balmy breezes at the innumerable resorts on the seashore.

It is not climate that binds men's hearts to geographical areas. The tender memories and congenial associations are the real and vital influences that sway the affections and engender the mental prejudice and favoritism. Of course peculiarities of character and taste develop strange partialities. Effeminacy loves to live and languish in a warm, soft climate. Virility seeks out and revels in the stern and stormy conditions that are a test of courage and a tax on strength.

Rudyard Kipling, who has travelled and studied and written about the peoples and places of every part of the globe, pins his affections to the County of Sussex, England, where "little, lost, Down churches praise the Lord who made the hills." This is how he describes it:—

"No tender-hearted garden crowns,
Nor bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn.

* * * *

Here leaps ashore the full Sou' West
All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the golden crest
The channel's leaden line,
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep bells and the ship bells ring
Along her hidden beach."

Truly a rather uninviting prospect for those who are accustomed to more fertile scenes and gentler climes. The writer's heart is attached to the feverish activities, the swarming millions of all sorts and conditions of humanity, the intense business rivalries, the stress and strife, the beauties and attractions of New York—the city of gigantic accomplishments, the pulse of the American Continent.

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordained to each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.
And I rejoice that for my choice
The lot has fallen to me,
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Manhattan by the sea."

The Boy and his Character

Not every boy can be a rich man or a great man, but every boy can be a gentleman. A boy with gentlemanly manners, who is trusty and honest, and does his very best every day, will gain the attention and confidence of men and will be given paying and responsible positions as soon as he is old enough to fill them. Boys like to have fun and a good time. It is right they should. They will never be boys but once, but to have fun is not altogether what they are made for. Boys are of value chiefly to make men; good for something in the world. The boy should ever remember that the most dependable asset he can have is a gentlemanly and spotless character, and it might be well to impress upon him the truth that there is a difference between character and reputation. Character is within, and reputation is without. Character is real; reputation may be false. Character is substantial and enduring; reputation may be vapory and fleeting. Character is at home; reputation is abroad. Too many men are more anxious about their reputation than they are about their character. While every man should endeavor to maintain a good reputation, he should labor especially to possess a good character. Not only is character of importance to its possessor as the means of conferring upon him true dignity and worth, but it exerts an influence upon the lives of all within its pale, the importance of which can never be overestimated. Books are useful only when read; sermons are influential only when they are listened to; but character keeps itself at all times before men's attention, and its weight is felt by everyone who comes within its sphere. Look well after your character, young man. Other agencies are intermittent, like the revolving star, which, after a time of brightness, goes out into a period of darkness, but character is continuous in its operations, and shines with the steady radiance of a star. This truth, sublime in its simplicity, and powerful in its beauty, is the highest lesson of religion, the first that youth should learn, and the last that age should forget.—*Hope Gazette.*

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Clinton B. Ensworth, formerly a member of the class of 1916, spent a week-end on Kendall Green, recently, for the purpose of viewing again these well remembered halls, and incidentally, for renewing "auld" acquaintanceships. "Ensy" looks decidedly chipper, and prosperous, withal. He seems to have taken good care of himself, and appears to have changed hardly a bit since the time when he used to grind off eight hundred and eighty yards in record time. We are informed that he is having fine success at his chosen profession, that of photography.

William Ulen Lynch, of the Sophomore Class, recently suffered a sad blow in the untimely decease of his father, Dr. Robert Lynch. We express heartfelt sympathy to him in his bereavement.

On Sunday afternoon, April 2d Prof. Skyberg delivered an interesting sermon upon the "Right Way," telling us that if we follow the Right Road, we will find the traveling easy, but if we pursue the wrong one, we will never reach Success.

Although he was occupying a front seat in the bleachers, it is extremely doubtful whether Courrege, '19, saw much of Saturday's game. The reason, if you must have one, is simple. The talkative Freshman was teaching a certain fair Prep. the rudiments of the great American pastime. (Isn't it peculiar, how ignorant certain young ladies are concerning baseball?)

On April First, all of the antiquated April Fool "gags" were sprung with varying success, by such undergrads as had nothing more serious to do. Everybody looked obligingly behind them when told to do so by some near-wit, and grinned in a sickly way when told that they were "fooled." Otherwise, the First of April was like any other day.

The Rats, having not yet cut their college teeth, are still in the infantile class, and may be excused for perpetrating such stale and time-worn April Fool "Jokes," such as "swiping" people's shoes and sticking placards to their doors during the wee sma' hours.

Valiant, P. C., is a scion of Sunny Italy, and very, very peevish when covertly reminded of the fact. (Hush! here he comes!) One can, therefore, readily imagine his state of mind on April Fool's morning, when he found the following sign pasted on his door: "Bananas and Bootblacking Inside."

The Literary Society held a meeting in the Lyceum on April 1st, for the purpose of electing new officers to serve during the Third Term. The following ticket was voted upon and accepted, very little opposition being in evidence: President, Mr. J. L. Rendall, '16; Vice-President, Mr. T. S. Cuscaden, '17; Secretary, Mr. A. Wenger, '18; Treasurer, Mr. H. S. Austin, '18; Librarian, Mr. C. U. Ozie, '19.

A certain disgruntled upperclassman had the cruelty to characterize the present Reading-Room Committee, which is composed of "Goo-goo Eyes" Light, "Cæsar" Braddock, "Bean-pole" Sullivan, "Spindle-Shanks" Austin, and "Kewpie" Keeley, among others things as a "bunch of misfits" We would use a word with a gentle sound—misguided, for they are young and tender, and know not what they do. Why, a fellow has only to twirl his thumbs to be charged with "disorderly conduct," and be bumped out into the hall. Let us gloss over their childish misdeeds with a forgiving spirit.

GALLAUDET CO-EDS, 19 GUNSTON HALL, 13

On Wednesday afternoon, March 29th, the Gallaudet Co-Eds closed their season with an easy victory over the strong Gunston Hall Sextette. It was their second consecutive win.

The game was, in all respects, one of the best seen on the Kendall Green floor during the present season. Both teams played fast, and with few fouls. There was plenty of spirit and sportsmanship on both sides.

The Gallaudet girlies played beautifully in all four periods. Their fine team-work and passing was evident in all stages, and their clever dodging and swish-zip speed won many points for them.

The visitors gained nearly all of their points through a bounce-play, which is contrary to the rules. After it was discovered that they were using such a play, and said play was forbidden, then scoring abruptly ceased.

The Gallaudet girlies played together like a well-oiled machine. Every "man" on the team put up a corking-good game. Misses Keeley, at guard, and Meseen at side-center, played a game deserving of the highest praise: Summary—

GALLAUDET CO-EDS	POS.	GUNSTAN HALL
Miss Atkins	l.f.	Miss Ashley
" L. Watts	r.f.	" Owens
" Studt	c.	" Magruder
" Meseen	s.c.	" Parker
" N. Watts	l.g.	" Michael
" Keeley	r.g.	"Heintzelman

Substitutions—Miss Keeley for Miss Meseen, Miss Meseen for Miss Studt, Miss Wright for Miss Keeley. Field goals—Miss Atkins 4, Miss L. Watts 3 Miss Owens 3. Goals from foul—Miss Atkins 5, Miss Ashley 1, Miss Owens 6. Referee, Miss Stewart, and Mr. Hughes. Time keepers, Miss Jackson, Holton Arms, and Miss Post, Gallaudet. Scorers, Miss Southegate, Holton Arms, and Miss E. Pearson, Gallaudet. Linesmen, Misses Rose and Gimbol, Holton Arms, and Misses Pusrin and Hoisington, Gallaudet. Time, 4 periods of 7 minutes each.

BASE-BALL.

GALLAUDET 6 MT. ST. JOSEPH'S 1

In her first home game of the season, Gallaudet had little trouble in disposing of Mt. St. Joseph's College, of Baltimore. After the second inning, when Gallaudet annexed three runs, the game was a walk-away for the Buff and Blue, with the Baltimoreans always trailing far in the rear.

Though one-sided, the contest had some very exciting moments, and was interesting throughout for the followers of the Buff and Blue. It showed them just what sort of a team they had this year—and all went away satisfied.

The first inning ended scoreless, but in the second stanza, the Kendall Greeners got up their fighting blood and went out to smash things. And smash things they did, knocking Kittle's offerings all over the lot.

Marshall, who was the first man up for Gallaudet, waited for his base, and got it on four bad ones. Mellis tapped out a hot grounder which the short stop gathered in easily. But in throwing to second to catch Marshall, Martin threw wide, and both Mellis and Marshall were safe. Schlenker, who came up next, swung on the ball in a healthy fashion, knocking it into the outfield. On this bingle, all hands advanced a base, filling the sacks. Peard pounded out a slow one, bringing in Marshall. Mellis went to third on the play and Schlenker to second. Subsequently, both scored.

Gallaudet garnered one more tally in the fourth, one in the fifth and one in the seventh. Mt. St. Joseph's got one in the second through lucky hitting.

Ferguson, who was doing the hurling for Gallaudet, put up a fairly consistent article of ball. Several times, the Baltimoreans threatened to score, but each time, were checked by Ferguson's slants.

Rockwell put up a splendid showing all through the game, making two put outs and five assists. He speared many a ball that appeared surely destined for Florida Avenue. Four bingles out of five times up was the best he could do with the hickory.

Line up!

GALLAUDET	AB	H	R	PO	E
Schowe, l.f.	5	2	1	1	0
Treuke, 2b.	4	1	0	3	0
Rockwell, s.s.	5	4	0	2	0
Rendall, c.	5	0	1	5	0
Marshall, 1b.	3	1	1	12	2
Mellis, 3b.	5	2	2	1	0
Schlenker, r.f.	4	2	1	1	0
Peard, c.f.	3	1	0	1	0
Ferguson, p.	3	0	0	1	0
Total	37	13	6	27	3

MT. ST. JOSEPH'S	AB	H	R	PO	E
Philips, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0
J. Nolan, 3b.	4	1	0	1	1
Matthews, l.f.	4	1	0	1	0
Gibbons, 2b.	4	1	0	5	1
Martin, s.s.	2	0	0	2	1
L. Nolan, 1b	4	1	0	11	1
Hart, c.	3	0	0	3	2
Wright, c.f.	3	1	1	0	1
Kittle, p.	3	0	0	1	0
* Cameron, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0
Total	32	6	1	24	3

* Batted for Philips in the ninth innings.

Gallaudet	0	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	x	—6
Mt. St. Joseph's	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

First base on errors—Mt. St. Joseph 1, Gallaudet 3. Earned runs—Mt. St. Joseph 1, Gallaudet 4. Left on bases—Mt. St. Joseph 6, Gallaudet 11. Stolen bases—Mellis. First base on balls—Off Kittle 2, off Ferguson 5 Struck out—Kittle 3, Ferguson 3. Umpire—Mr. Priest. Time of game—2 hours, 5 minutes.

H. J. P.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.*
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Heffion, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

APRIL, 1916.

9—Boston, 11 a.m., and Salem, 2:15 p.m.
14—N. E. Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, 3 p.m.
16—Boston, 11 a.m., and Lynn, 3 p.m.
20—Boston, Maundy Thursday, 8 p.m., Rev. John H. Keiser, of New York City, and Mr. Heffion.
21—Good Friday, 2:45 p.m., at the Home.
23—Boston, Easter Day, Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
Providence, 3 p.m.
30—Worcester, 3:15 p.m.

Mr. Heffion will be in Boston April 20th to 30th, inclusive, Care of Trinity Church, Copley Sq., Boston.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, *Lay Missionary*, 89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

ZENOISMS.

When the teacher's heart is young, the faces of the pupils look young.

An impostor is one who can eat soup without noise.

There is no degree of deafness which a smiling face will not hide.

PITTSBURGH.

The famous basket-ball team of Pittsburgh, the Silent Five, has been before the public for a number of years, and during that time has died and revived apparently often enough to make things hum for years to come, but it seems now it has reached its finish for good, as a farewell social was held by the squad and their admirers, March 25th, when felicitations and farewells were spoken with blended tears and laughter, characteristic of the ups and downs of the noted players. The event was reported by Mrs. F. Holliday, in her usual fascinating and characteristic style, as follows:—

Saturday evening, March 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Blackhall's beautiful home in Edgewood Park was the scene of a delightful party, in honor of the Silent Five Basket-Ball Team, about to disband after a more or less successful career over a period of six years.

'Twas a most blithesome crowd of young folk, and they sure gave the Silent Five one grand send-off, the memory of which will gladden their hearts, when they are scattered far and wide, and sometimes feel a pang of sorrow that their days of basket-ball are past.

Frank Blackhall, as Master of the Revels, first gave a brief history of The Silent Five from the time of its conception and organization by Vincent Dunn in 1910, down the present time. Poor Dunn certainly had a tough time, for as soon as he would get a good team together, he would lose most of his players some way or other. Of the original team, composed of Dunn, F. Blackhall, R. Durian, George Davies and Frank Holliday, the last named three were picked off by Dan Cupid within a year; while the last team is being broken up because of press of business and the removal of some of the best players to other towns. Several of the players then related amusing incidents of the games and trips; after which Frank Holliday was called upon to tell why he had failed to "make good" his declaration to continue playing after having joined the ranks of the benedicts. He replied that if he had one bone left unbroken or not damaged in some way from the various sports and accidents in which he had voluntarily or involuntarily participated, he needed to keep that one bone intact as a means of defense in case his wife, herself athletically inclined, tried militant tactics on him.

Miss Emelie Apel, the most ardent "fan" of them all, then surprised the team and delighted everyone by a beautiful rendition of "A Tribute To The Silent Five," written by James McDowell, manager of the team. We quote some of the verses:

We had our captain and his name was Boyle;
When it came to running our machine he was the best to toil;
No better player lived than he;
The fans would come from far and near just him to see.

We had had a pair of the fleetest and fastest forwards in Jehovics and Lenz;
They played together since they were in their boyhood teens.
In Blackhall and Dunn two of the greatest guards we had;
The other forwards could never get around them and were always hopping mad.

Remember the games we played together in Trinity Hall;
They were full of life, teamwork, and basket-ball;
No one could stop us and we took victories over all.
Think back to the days we played out of town
We always came back home with a victory or got done up brown.

Yes! Boys, those were the happy times gone by,
In the days the old gang played together;
I can sit back and dream and sigh
And wish I was playing once more in the season of cold weather.

As each player's name was spelled, he was propelled forward by the hands of his admirers to receive a handsome souvenir spoon, engraved P. S. F. Paul Harkless, a very recent acquistion of the team, was also remembered, receiving a book of humorous verses.

A guessing contest was next in order, in which Mrs. Holliday and Geoge Blackhall were returned the winners and received handsome volumes of songs as prizes.

Each person was then requested to perform some stunt for the entertainment of the rest, a fine idea, that resulted in a great variety of amusing divertissements. For instance, Miss Mary Slater danced, with grace and abandon, the High land Fling, Walter Laughlin balanced his long, lanky form, upon an overturned milk bottle, while threading a needle with utmost *insouciance*. Miss Apel and Mr. Dunn were blindfolded, and he attempted to feed her from a bowl of corn flakes, which, of course, landed in her ear, or eye, or down the back of her neck, or showered on the onlookers—everywhere but in her mouth; another couple chewed up a string in a wild race to be first to reach a piece of candy tied in the middle; and so on, too numerous to mention. Each one was rewarded with a favor, mostly quaint and comic novelties that afforded much merriment.

Tempting refreshments topped off the evening's enjoyment; a flashlight picture was taken; Mr. Dunn distributed squares of paper, each bearing a single large letter, and we were puzzled as to what they were for, until it was suggested that we lay them all out on the floor, where they soon evolved into the names of the players and manager of the last Silent Five team: Boyle, Blackhall, Dunn, Lenz, Johovics, McDowell.

It was after midnight when the party broke up. It was unanimously declared one of the best ever. The Blackhalls are royal entertainers. Those present were: Albert Lenz, Joe Johovics, Mike Boyle, of Oakland, Md.; Vincent Dunn, Frank Blackhall, James McDowell, of Akron, O.; George Blackhall, Constance Blackhall, Frank Holliday, Mrs. F. Holliday, Philip Schroedel, Harriet Marsh, Ellen Marsh, Paul Harkless, Clifford Davis, Margaret Davis, Emelie Apel, Keziah Ream, Emily Redmond, Walter Laughlin, Reed Krotzer, Margaretta Bracken, Marie Smith, Mary and Edith Slater, Edward Boyle, Nellie Nacey, Henrietta Forkorn, Frank Leitner, Ethel Loughlin. M. R. H.

After one abortive attempt, the Pittsburgh Branch, of the G. C. A. A., held a meeting, with a bare quorum, at the School, Edgewood, March 30th, and, while there were few present, there was no lack of enthusiasm in the determination of keeping up its social and business interests as in the past. The plans for the Edward Miner Gallaudet fund will have its support to the best of its ability, as well as all other helpful matters that go to make the association valuable to the deaf in general and the Pittsburgh Branch in particular.

April 1st was moving day with the Pittsburgh Social League. They have taken up more pretentious quarters at the corner of Wood and Water Streets, where they have two commodious rooms that they expect to fix up in comfortable style, and be ready for a house warming in a short time. There was talk that the League was going hibernate for a while, but this move seems to discount the story all right. We'll likely hear from them later.

The Pittsburgh Division, No 36, N. F. S. D, had its regular monthly meeting Saturday evening, and had an increase in membership. Mr. Abraham Richman and Mr. Geo. Winch were initiated, and Mr. Wm. Seibert, of Johnstown, were the only members present from out of town. The Frats are certainly getting quite numerous here.

It is reported that Mr. Jas. Conway and family will, in a few weeks, leave for California on a few months' visit with relatives. This is the first chance Mr. Conway has had for a vacation in many years, and, at that, may be called back at any time by his firm. He is a valuable man there, as you may know.

G. M. T.

Germany's Famous Airships.

Possibly your impression of a Zeppelin is that it is a cigar-shaped balloon with propelling apparatus added. The large envelope of a Zeppelin dirigible is not entirely filled with gas, but contains instead sixteen separate "balloonets," each of which is filled with hydrogen. Thus a shot may pierce the envelope without bringing the airship to earth. Half of the balloonets must be punctured before a Zeppelin can be brought down. A Zeppelin of the latest known type measures four hundred feet in length and fifty in diameter. The frame which supports the envelope is constructed of aluminum. Because of this rigid construction, it is possible to mount the propeller on the envelope. In the non-rigid dirigibles used by other European powers, the propeller is more usually mounted near the car The Zeppelin has two cars, mounted close under the main body, each of which has a gasoline motor of five hundred horse power. When carrying a full crew of twenty-five men and five tons of bombs and other equipment, a Zeppelin is capable of a speed of fifty miles an hour —*The American Boy.*

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2906 Virginia Avenue.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth Street, between Penn Avenue and Duquesene Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, *Pastor.*
MRS. ROSE CHESNUT, *Mute-Interpreter.*

Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.
Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.
R. P. Mute Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.
Prayer Meeting—Every first Wednesday of every month.
Everybody Welcome.

What Became of Billy Sunday Colleagues.

Listen to Billy Sunday in a temperance testimony. He says:

"Twenty six years ago, I walked down a street in Chicago with some famous ball players, and we went into a saloon. We drank, and then went out, and sat down on the curbing. Across the street, men and women were playing on instruments—horns, flutes, and slide trombones—and others were singing gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church, where I used to go to Sunday school.

"And right there God reproduced on the canvas of my memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces. Many have long since returned to the dust. At view of this I sobbed, and a young man stepped out and said: 'We are going down to the Pacific Garden mission; won't you come down to the mission? I am sure you will enjoy it.'

"I arose and said to the boys: 'I'm through. We've come to the parting of the ways,' and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed, and some of them mocked me, one of them gave me encouragement; others said not a word.

"Twenty-six years ago, I turned and left that little group, and walked to the mission, went on my knees, and staggered out of sin into the arms of the Saviour.

"The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practice. The first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelly. He said: 'Bill, I'm proud of you. Religion is not my long suit, but I'll help you all I can.' Later Mike Kelly was sold to Boston for $10,000. He showed me a check for $5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went round with a subscription paper, and the boys raised over $12,000 to buy Mike a house. They gave Mike a deed to the house, and they had $1,500 left, for which they gave him a certificate of deposit. His salary for playing with Boston was $4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the $5,000 purchase price and the $4,700 received as a salary, and had a mortgage on the house. And when he died in Pennsylvania, some of the boys went round with a subscription to get money enough to put him in the ground. Mike sat there on the corner with me twenty-six years ago when I said, 'Good-bye, boys; I'm through.'

"Ed. Williamson, our old short-stop, was a fellow weighing 225 ponnds, and a more active man you never saw. He went round the world with his team, came back to United States, and started a saloon on Dearborn Street, Chicago. When he died his liver was found to be so large that it would not go into a candy bucket. Ed. Williamson sat there on the street corner with me twenty six years ago when I said, 'Good-bye, boys; I'm through.'

"Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for nineteen years, drew $3,200 a year on an average. I've seen Frank Flint sleeping on a table in a stale beer joint, and I've turned my pocket inside out, and said, 'You're welcome to it, old pal.' He drunk on and on, and one day in the winter he staggered out of a beer joint and stood on a corner, and was seized with a fit of coughing. The blood was streaming out of his nose, and his mouth. Policemen called a cab and he was taken to a boarding house. Physicians were summoned; but he was beyond human aid. He struggled as he had years ago on the diamond where he tried to reach home but the great Umpire of the universe called, 'You're off,' and the gladiator of the diamond was no more. Frank Flint sat on the street corner, drunk, with me, twenty-six years ago, in Chicago, when I said, 'I'll bid you good-bye, boys; I'm going to Jesus.'

"Say, men, did I win the game of life, or did they?"—*Expositor.*

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday 3 p.m. Also April 9th, 9 a.m.
Holy Communion, April 23d, at 3 p.m., and April 9th, at 9 a.m.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, except April 23d, 3 p.m.
Holy Communion, April 30th.

APRIL

9—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 a.m.
Trinity Church, Newark, 10:30 a.m. Confirmation.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, 8 p.m.
16—Trinity Church, Newark, 3 p.m. Holy Communion.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, 8 p.m.
30—St. John's Church, Stamford, 9:30 a.m. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 a.m.
St. George's Church, Newburgh, 3:30 p.m.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, 8 p.m.

Miss Nita P. Millington, a Fanwood graduate of the Class of 1912, lost her grandmother by death on March 22d, aged 88 years. Interment was at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

BASKET-BALL NOTICE

The Lexington Athletic Association basket-ball teams have closed the season with a remarkable record, having not lost a single game this season. The seniors closed the season by defeating the Mt. Kisco, the first team at Mt. Kisco, by the score of 35 to 31. It was a nip and tuck contest, but the sensational shooting proved a big factor, because the Lexingtons were outweighed by several pounds to a man and the height was also in favor of the Mt. Kisco team. The Mt. Kisco lads were out to win, and by doing so would deprive the Lexingtons of a clean slate.

The championship of Yorkville League has been won by the Lexington Avenue School—one hundred twenty-five and one hundred ten pounds teams. Their defeat of the Y. M. H. A., 125 and 110 pounds teams, placed them at the top of the league standing, therefore giving them the trophies. The 125 pounds team trophy now belongs to the Lexington Avenue School, having won both legs of the much touted trophy, while the 110 pound team still has another leg to make the trophy theirs.

The Lexington Athletic Association will stage a benefit affair, and the proceeds will go to defray the expenses of the Association. The big event occurs on Thursday, April 20th, at the Lyceum, one of the most beautiful halls in New York, with a seating capacity of 3,000 people. This affair has been staged by the Lexington Athletic Association, and the committee has arranged a programme that will excel the Gallaudet and New York Deaf-Mutes affair. It will be a championship contest in which the Fanwood Senior and Junior basket-ball teams will play against the Lexington Athletic Association's Senior and Junior teams. As neither team has suffered a defeat this season. The game will prove an interesting one. Music by Napoleons Orchestra will furnish the patrons with select pieces for dancing. Admission, twenty-five cents per ticket. Come and get in line and cheer your favorite on to victory. There is a slate that will be marked with defeat after the game is over. Which one? Both are confident of victory.

There is every indication that the Allied Ball of May 13th will be the largest affair of any kind the deaf of New York will ever see, as it is in aid of so worthy an object, as the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the National Association of the Deaf and Chairman Frankenheim reports that he received assurance of attendance on the part of the Deaf from Boston, Providence, New Haven, Bridgeport, Utica, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities. The reports of the six societies comprising the union give promise of undivided support by the local deaf, so the selection of Central Opera House was most timely, as this hall has a capacity for 1500 and is considered the most beautiful of its kind in the city. The vaudeville will be of the best, and together with the music of Nahan Franko, the erstwhile leader of the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House, will cost several hundreds of dollars, and some of the acts are especially selected for the amusement of the deaf, and several others will surely please the hearing. Bring your family so that other families would go, too, and the hearing people would consequently not feel out of place. We must have the hearing to lead the dancing to music and thus ensure a lively time for all.

The twenty-seven boxes are nearly all sold out, and the few others can be engaged by writing to E. A. Hodgson, Treasurer, Station M. Please buy your tickets in advance, of your favorite society, so that this society would get credit for them, or else the tickets bought at the door would be charged to the credit of the Allied Societies may increase the jam and confusion at the box office. Buy your tickets in advance.

The American Society of Deaf Artists held their meeting at the home of Miss A. Foussadier, away up in the Bronx, on Saturday, March 25th. It needs no more than mention that the meeting will be held at Miss Foussadier's, to bring out a full attendance.

Matters relating to the business of the society were gone into and a few games were indulged in until 10.30. Mr. C. W. Fetscher won the first and Mrs. Grutzmacher the second prize, in these games. Our readers will note that the games were held before the collation—no one ever leaves Miss Foussadier's table to play games, they remain at the table until it is within two minutes of the last train home time.

Miss Foussadier is some cook, and fairly outdid herself this time. There were French dishes in plenty, each more tempting than the one before, also the usual array of bottles. Sufficient to say Mr. and Mrs. Fetscher came a distance of some thirty miles, in addition were lost on the trolley in the Bronx, to be at this meeting. During the dinner there were the usual toasts and speeches, and, toward the close, Miss Foussadier produced another of her famous cakes she is noted for, it fairly outdid any former one. It was the cold grey dawn of the morning before the party broke up.

Mrs. Marion MacLaren, beloved mother of Archie J. MacLaren, passed away, on March 29th. The funeral service was held at her residence, on Friday evening, March 31, 1916. She is survived by her three sons and three daughters—Archie J., Alexander and Arthur MacLaren, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Boyce and Miss Jessie MacLaren, all of whom lived at home but Mrs. Boyce. The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy to the family of the late Mrs. Marion MacLaren, with the hope that they will find in affectionate memory a degree of consolation in their great loss.

Mr. Forbes Watson, a famous Art Critic, writes in the *Evening Post*, of March 25th, concering the Academy Exhibition. His mention of "Still Life," is quite complimentary to the deaf artist who produced it: "More likely to be found in the out-of-town official exhibitions are such works as Charles Woodbury's Monadnock, in which the vision of the artist prevails over the photographic realities that seem to have submerged most of the mountain landscapes shown. And Philip Little's First of the Goldenrod suggests a personal sense of nature that might have saved it from the abysmal morgue where it hangs. Another picture, in the same gallery, which would have lightened the prose of the other rooms, is Will Quinlan's "Still Life," which deserves a better fate. To the morgue, also, have been sent several canvases commented on in previous exhibitions, among them Randall Davey's Man and Monkey, Mary Foote's Mother and Son, A. Watson's portrait of a young girl, and Charles Woodbury's The Rainbow.

On March 25th, Saturday, the "acorns" and their ladies had a meeting and whist party, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wolgamot. Prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. L. Ahmes, Mrs. H. Gloistein and Mr. F. Haberstroh. After the game, a supper was served. Those of the party were Mr. and Mrs. L. Ahmes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Calahan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gloistein, Mr. and Mrs. E. Earnst, Misses L. Lindhoff and E. Maclaire, Messrs. F. Haberstroh, G. Rau and K. McGinnis.

The Fischell Press is no more. Last Thursday everything was sold to a dealer in Printery. The reason was because business was slack on West 116th Street, and it was not thought advisable to move to a new location. The price realized was about one half what it cost.

The best that can be said concering the condition of Mr. Moses Heyman is that he is holding his own. He has a trained nurse and the best of medical care, and it is hoped he will recover.

It is announced that the American Society of Deaf Artists have engaged the Hall of Park and Tilford Building, 126th Street, corner Lenox Avenue, for November 18th, 1916.

Victor G. Anderson is the new treasurer of the Men's Club of St. Ann's, not Mr. Wiemuth, as was printed two weeks ago.

Mrs. Felix A. Simonson collected the sum of $61.50 for the Jews in Europe who have been made desolate by the war.

Albert A. Small, formerly of Boston, has been living in Pasadena, Cal., for over a year. He says that eight or ten deaf-mutes from Los Angeles and vicinity expect to attend the Celebration of the Centennial of Founding of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Ct., in the summer of 1917.

Mr. Edwin Heller died at Lambertville, N. J., of pneumonia, three weeks ago. His funeral was attended by a number of his relatives and friends. Sympathy is directed to Mrs. Edwin Heller (*nee* Elizabeth Penrose), a former pupil of Fanwood. Relatives and friends present at the funeral were Henry Heller; Robert Heller; Mrs. Joe Penrose (*nee* Sallie Heller); Joe Penrose; Frank Penrose; Mrs. Frank Penrose; (*nee* Minnie Flint) all pupils at Fanwood nearly thirty-five years ago.

Lutheran Mission

Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.

ARTHUR BOLL, *Pastor.*

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

April 1, 1916.—The O. S. S. D. Basket-ball team closed the season last Friday, with a game among the school players, styling themselves City and Country. The game was well played on both sides, but the City boys came out ahead, 38 to 28.

Monday was such a fine day that balls and bats were brought from their long confinement, and during recreation hours the playgrounds looked as if the National game had been in full force this long time. The getting out into the opening for recreation was taken advantage of after the long winter's confinement.

There was quite a scare in the city the early part of the week, and a repetition of the flood of 1913 seemed imminent, owing to heavy rains north of us, which made the Scrito rise rapidly and almost reach the danger line. Interurban cars stopped crossing the river for a day, and fearing he would not be able to return for some time, Mr. McGregor stayed on this one night. Many families, to be on the side of safety, moved out of their homes to higher lands and transfer companies did a land office business for a day. Fortunately the river came to a stand-still after reaching nearly twenty feet and there has been no further rise. Very little has been done since the flood of 1913 for protection, except talk and taxing citizens for the project, though three years have passed since the whole west side was a lake and property worth millions destroyed and a number of lives lost.

Messrs. Zorn Clum and Schwartz were appointed the general committee for the May 30th picnic, at the Advance Society meeting Tuesday evening.

After some minor business, current topics came up in which Mr. Mayer spoke on the German view point, Messrs. Zorn and Charles debated preparedness, respectively pro and con.

Miss Linnie Sprague came over from Reynoldsburg with one grade of her pupils, visiting first the Ohio Avenue School and then the school here, where her pupils had an opportunity to witness the teaching of the deaf. They also looked in upon them while at dinner. It was a novel sight to them, to see nearly 500 boys and girls eating without hearing a word exchanged. Miss Sprague stated her father was kept quite busy now in his harness shop. Mrs. Sprague was also in the city, the guest of Mrs. George Black.

The following is taken from a Fremont paper:—Columbus has a church where the minister is never bothered during services by the congregation's whispering. Every Sunday morning he delivers a sermon but never says a word.

The church is All Saints Mission for the Deaf here. The pastor is Rev. C. W. Charles, deaf-mute, foreman of the printing shop at the State school for the deaf here.

"Oh, yes we have music," Rev. Charles smiled as he wrote on a card for the United Press. "We have hymns rendered in sign language. It is chiefly poetry of motion. I read services from a prayer book in sign language." There are 36 members of Dr. Charles' mission.

Edward Hetzler, of Upper Sandusky, for a little recreation from farm work, came down Thursday to visit his sister and renew acquaintances among former schoolmates. To-night he is giving a reading before Clionian Society.

Members here received Volume 1, No. 1, of the N. A. D., the official organ of the National Association of the Deaf.

We hope it has come to stay, and as it ages, will grow in size and frequency of issue. These can be accomplished by every intelligent deaf person becoming a member of the Association; thus benefiting not only himself or herself, but present and future generations of the deaf.

Rather curious that its main article should be Mr. Howson's plan of reorganization the same that was discussed the previous week by the Columbus Branch of the N. A. D. The paper is well printed, type large enough for old eyes to read, and is to be issued quarterly and will be sent free to members of the association.

Mrs. Martha Turvey Whitacre was a visitor at the school Thursday with Carrie Hosey, of this city. She had been visiting in West Virginia, and her parent's home in Southern Ohio. She brought the news that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Turvey, the latter *nee* Maud Lambert, were rejoicing over a wee stranger which came to their home last Thursday. Mrs. Whitacre left for home in Cygnet, Friday.

Mr. Wm. Wark was at the Home Sunday, and entertained the "residents" with a talk. All well up there. Eggs aplenty, five dozen or more a day sometimes. Mrs. P. P. Pratt is in the city for a few days with friends.

Mrs A. E. Griffis and little daughter are guests of Miss Effie E Laing, of Bedford, Ohio. Miss Laing states that she enjoyed the California trip last summer and felt just fine after reaching home. She was more fortunate in the latter than some of us who were out there, in that they brought home colds.

The assistant to the hospital nurse, Mrs. Partridge, died Tuesday evening, from the effects of an operation for gall bladder trouble, in Grant Hospital. She had suddenly been taken ill March 20th, from what was supposed to be only a cold. A. B. G.

From Reno, Nevada.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In my discussions of the Howson plan to reorganize the N. A. D. I once stated that I was opposed to the part in the plan to exempt the members from paying their yearly dues. Now I want to state the reasons of my stand. Let me ask how any person is to become a member of the N. A. D. under the plan to exempt them from paying their yearly dues? Is he to simply write to the secretary and so becomes a N. A. D., or is the plan to have an open door and every deaf mute in the world thus automically becomes a member of the N. A. D., together with all hearing persons—as any hearing person can become a member of the N. A. D. at present, though not allowed to vote or hold office?

What ties have the members to the Association when they do not pay for the privilege of being a member and profiting from the work done by the Association? And what will be the result of the general state of affairs when no one has any obligation to the Association? Most will simply let things run themselves, and the Association will really be controlled by a few, and the officers open to the unfit who will always be ready to grab them when the members take no interest in how the Association is governed. This, however, would be otherwise when they are members of the Association by paying for the privilege. They would demand to be heard in all matters, and to know that what they are interested in is being done right and in accordance with the best interests and the wishes of the majority, who can vote to run the Association because they are willing to pay for the privilege, and realize the benefits they receive.

I do not believe in giving some thing for nothing, and those who do not care to pay a few cents a year to be a member of the N. A. D. are not worth holding after they drop out, and have been fully informed what the N. A. D. is doing for them. They get the benefit of what is accomplished by the Association just the same.

By being members of the N. A. D. through paying the yearly dues, the majority will be of the sort that the Association needs to keep it on the foundation it must remain on. Now what will happen when those who are not what or whom the Association depends on for its progress and standing, control the vote on some question that is not for the general welfare of the Association, and are members with the privilege of running the Association simply because nothing was demanded of them in return?

When the Endowement Fund is raised that is expected to provide an income, on which the Howson plan depends, the income will not always be sufficient for the many items of expense that will directly or indirectly turn up, and therefore the money from the yearly dues is the only way to meet the situation, after the income has been regularly distributed. It must be remembered that the work to be done is to be nation wide, and no fixed sum can be decided on to meet all situations, and expenses will always be more or less.

The question of holding a member after he or she joins the N. A. D. is one that must be met, and the plan to have a paper published as the free official organ is one solution. The paper might also be a little broader, and publish the doings of the deaf from all parts of the country, the State, and city societies, as well as the social events, and have pictures of individuals, gatherings, etc., and it is likely that most of the deaf will feel that the paper is worth his yearly dues paid to the N. A. D.

Why are not the older members of the N. A. D. taking more interest in its future? Why is not everyone pulling toward the same goal? By all working together is the only way anything can be accomplished, and now lets ask everyone for the love of Saint Peter to wake up and do something—let everyone pull in the same direction toward securing new members, and raise any, and all sums of money for the Endowment Fund, as on that the future of the N. A. D. depends.

H. A. MCNEILLY.

March 22, 1916.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

MISSISSIPPI.

Jackson News, March 18.

The annual Mississippi Day exercises at the Mississippi school for the deaf were appropriately celebrated last night, with a most splendid and scholarly address by Prof. J. Holbrook Eddy, of little Rock, Ark. The distinguished speaker holds the responsible position of senior assistant in the literary department of the Arkansas school for the deaf under Superintendent Isaac Gardiner, and is an intelligent deaf gentleman of personality and brilliant mental attainments.

The program opened with a fervent invocation by Representative Walkup, followed by a poem, "Mississippi," beautifully rendered in poetic signs by three charming young ladies of the academic grades, Misses Jueenie Fite, Ruby Pearce and Eleanor Douat.

Superintendent R. S. Dobyns acted as the master of ceremonies, and introduced Prof. Eddy as an old friend of his father and brother, and as a faithful and cultured educator who has spent a quarter of a century of his life in bringing light, happiness and independence to his silent friends. In his subject, "Where Are We At?" Prof. Eddy showed his profound knowledge of the intricate details peculiar to his highly specialized profession, and held the audience spell-bound from the beginning to the end with his masterful and scholarly delivery in the sign language, which was interpreted by Superintendent Dobyns for the benefit of the hearing persons present.

An informal reception in the brilliantly lighted rotunda followed, at which many people, deaf and hearing, were introduced to the noted educator.

Referring to Mississippi's greatness and the status of education of the deaf, Prof. Eddy said in part:

"It is indeed a happy idea for your state to celebrate its natal day, and for your school to take such a share in the celebration as you do. It must certainly draw attention in a favorable way to successful work in educating the deaf here, and their value as worthy citizens.

"Always, with any state or nation, one of its chief claims to distinction rests on the number of its great men, great in character, talents and accomplishments. Like the noble Cornelia, the mother of the Gracci brothers of ancient Rome, who, when called on to exhibit her treasures, pointed to her boys and said, "These are my jewels;" so each state points with pride to its famous and capable children; so each school for the deaf treasures the names of its worthy graduates.

"In passing I would like to express my admiration for one of the most brilliant sons of this State, the senior Senator, Mr. John Sharp Williams. In him you have a man and statesman, the peer of any in the nation. But for his modesty he would occupy a much more prominent place in the councils of his party. His rich humor and sharp wit attracted notice when he was a member of the national House. In this respect, he was even a match for Tom Reed. But when it was seen that these powers were subordinated to other of a higher order, that he had vision, tolerance, good sense and most of all, patriotism that puts the interests of the nation above party expediency, he won the confidence and respect of every one acquainted with his career in every part of the nation. Surely his mother state will not spare effort to send him up higher. Should he finally land in the presidential chair, he would undoubtedly make as creditable a record as most of his predecessors. He is better fitted for the place than many of them were anyway.

"This State and Institution are indeed fortunate in the arrangement recently carried out by which your present superintendent succeeded his father. It is a distinct loss to the profession that such an efficient superintendent and educator of the deaf should retire. Mr. Richmond Dobyns' selection is, however, a guarantee that well proved methods will be employed and the same spirit of progress will rule.

"Do not think that I disparage the present accomplishment in more widely diffused education and the distinction won by our college graduates, few though they may be compared with the great mass of the deaf; my purpose is to get at the actual facts and ask that an effort be made toward giving the average deaf-mute a better preparation for his destiny.

"In the old times English was the burden of instruction Other subjects were largely vehicles for its conveyance. There were no text books then obtainable suited to the needs of the deaf, so their teachers improvised what was needed themselves. But the profession then enjoyed the service of a line of profound and distinguished scholars Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was without a peer in his ability to render knowledge of any kind into the most simple, intelligible English.

There were Day and Barnard, who afterwards became presidents of Yale and Columbia respectively. The Peets and Jacobs bent profound and keen intellects toward devising a course in language that would put English within the reach of all the normal deaf. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet showed the same genius for simplicity as his father. His pupils were remarkable for command of English. These were but a few of the early masters of the Art.

"The chief fault of our present system is undoubtedly the tendency to conform to the public school system, a system that is so overloaded with subjects that only a mere smattering of any one is possible, and that leaves its graduates quite unprepared for any serious work in life. Why then pattern our curriculum after theirs?

"It seems to me that the true course to follow is to be guided by ideas of the great masters of human thought on education. A rational working system can be outlined from a study of the principles of Plato, Locke, Rosseau and Spencer, Pestalozzi and Froebel.

"Courses of study will have to be recast, made simpler and more scientific as regards mental development. The needs of the pupil will be considered, not conformity with other systems suited to different cases. Verbal language will be the criterion of progress and success. Then all normal deaf chidren will acquire a command of intelligible written language and many a mastery of it. Hasten that day."

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(11825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Western Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7:45 P.M. every Thursday. Services, every Sunday at 7:45 P.M.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, Ohio. Rev. C. W. Charles, Deacon, and Mr. A. H. Schory, Lay Reader. Services, every Sunday at 10:30 A.M.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Cathedral, cor. 7th and Plum Streets, Cincinnati. Rev. C. W. Charles, Deacon. Services, 3:15 P.M., fourth Sunday of the month. Mr. Charles comes when Rev. Mr. Allabough goes to Columbus. The latter holds two services every other month, when he comes to Cincinnati, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:30 P.M.

St. Clement's Mission, Dayton, Christ Episcopal Church, Rev. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

Calvary Mission, All Saints' Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, O., Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay Reader. Services, 2:30 P.M., third Sunday of the month.

Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Episcopal Church, Woodward Avenue and High Street, Detroit, Mich., Mr. H. B. Waters, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 3 P.M. every Sunday. Services, every other Sunday after Bible Study.

All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky., Mr. John H. Mueller, Lay Reader. Services and Bible Class alternately every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Episcopal Church, Bolivar Road and Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O., Mr. Wm. F. Durian, Lay Reader. Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission regularly the first Sunday of each month, unless otherwise arranged. (10:45 P.M. Holy Communion and 8 P.M.

Trinity Church, Bellaire, O., Mr. C. S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services by special appointment.

APRIL

14—Findlay, 7:30 P.M.
15—Toledo 7:30 P.M. (Service and Business Meeting.)
16—Toledo, 10:00 A.M. (Confirmation) and 11:00 A.M. (Holy Communion.)
Detroit, 3:15 P.M. (Bible Class) and 7.00 P.M (Confirmation).
17—Lansing, 7:3 P.M.
18—Jackson, 7:30 P.M.
20—Lima, 7:45 P.M.
21—Muncie, 7:30 P.M.
22—Indianapolis, 7:45 P.M. (Business and Social).
23—Indianapolis, 9:00 A.M. (School for Deaf)
Indianapolis, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion in the Chapel of Christ Church).
Cincinnati, 7:00 P.M. (Confirmation).
24-30—Farewell Week in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.
26—Uniontown, 7:45 P.M. (Farewell Service).
17—Beaver Falls, 7:45 P.M. (Farewell Service)
29—Pittsburgh, 8:00 P.M. (Farewell reception).
30—Edgewood Park, 9:00 A.M. (School for Deaf).
Pittsburgh, Church of the Ascension, East End, 11:00 A.M. (Confirmation).
Greensburg, 2:30 P.M. (Farewell Service).
Pittsburgh, 7:45 P.M. (Farewell Service).

The *last* service at Pittsburgh marks the Rev. B. R. Allabough's complete severance from the Diocese of Pittsburgh, where he has lived and worked among the deaf for nearly thirty years. The Rev. F. C. Smielau succeeds him.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putman Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU,
Minister.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

WINTER, 1916.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass. by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A. Hartford, Ct.

Deaf Indian Carver Hunted Bears.

Modern art critics, who delight to determine the "derivation" of an artist's inspiration or method, tracing it cunningly from this or that old master until the painting or sculpture has been daintily dissected and deftly analyzed, would have no such task in considering the work of John L. Clarke, Blackfoot Indian artist, now in Portland.

Clarke carves in wood and paints in oils, and the critic who discovered the "influence" of any other artist in the Indian's work would be "spoofing" himself.

Clarke is deaf and dumb. Hence his opportunity of talking art traditions with other artists has been limited. He has no idea that such a man as Michael Angelo ever lived, or that there is such a sculptor as Rodin. Write the name, "Phidias," and to him it would be just a queer word.

He is troubled by no traditions and hindered by no rules. His inspiration is the same that set the first cave-man to scratching the outline of a mammoth on a bit of bone. No dream-stuff for him. He carves grizzly bear and buffalo and elk, and mountain sheep. The Glacier National Park country, where he lives, furnishes him with subjects for his chisel and gouge.

John L. Clarke, although he calls himself a Blackfoot Indian, and is Indian in every lineament, had a Scotch father. He was born at Hight River Indian Agency, near Great Falls, Montana, 35 years ago. When he was an infant, his parents moved to Sweet Pass agency, Montana, known as the Blackfoot reservation, and now Glacier National park. Before he learned to talk, he was deprived of his hearing by a fall. He learned to talk with the Indians by sign language.

The Indian agent, finding him deaf and dumb, induced his aunt, a well educated woman, to send him to the North Dakota State School for the Deaf, at Devil's Lake, N. D. He was there for two years, but wanted to go back to the reservation to enjoy hunting and fishing and the free life of the open country. Clarke is a big game hunter and crack shot. Later he went to the Montana School for the Deaf, and then his aunt, whom he went to visit in Minneapolis, sent him to St. Francis Catholic School, near Milwaukee, where he learned carving and sketching.

From a little boy he has been fashioning figures in wood and clay, and the work came easy for him. Leaving the school after two years, he returned to Glacier Park, paying his way by selling his carvings as he went. At the park he opened a small shop where he sold his own work, together with souvenirs and Indian curios. Artists who visited the park gave him lessons in painting, and although his work on canvas is crude, it has strength and is full of action.

At the end of the tourist season each year, business would be dull, so last fall he came to Portland and opened a shop. He had a good business up to and through the holidays, but as soon as the season opens in Glacier Park, he intends to return there and open a bigger shop than ever. His brother is now preparing to get out big logs to build a cabin for the shop.—*Portland, Oregon, Journal.*

Perhaps many ages ago the progenitors of the Blackfoot tribe included men, who, in their own way were sculptors, perhaps it is the recollections of his hunting days in what is now the Glacier National Park, that guides the hand of John Clarke, Indian, as he carves grotesque little animals from wood.

John Clarke is deaf-mute. Deafness hindered him not at all in hunting grizzlies with the best of his tribe in the Rockies, and judging from the records he has made, it certainly has not prevented his becoming a crack rifle marksman. All day Clarke works at his model making, for the little animals he fashions serve as embellishments of high-class chandeliers.

Clarke attended the Montana School for the Deaf several years, but his use of the English language is limited. By the sign language today he told a visitor that, while his people are "big chiefs," the ways of the white man suit him better. The conveniences of the modern home appeal to him most.—*Portland Evening Telegram.*

NOTICE.

NATIONAL O. W. L. S. OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

In the February 10th issue of the JOURNAL, is a list of members who have paid their dues for 1916. Owing to the smallness of the dues, no receipt is sent The treasurer takes this means to notify the members that they have been heard from. The following have since paid up: Mrs. Josephine Stewart, Mrs. Frank Thompson, Miss Sara B. Streby, Miss Virginia Haywood, Miss Sadie Young, Mrs. Ida O. Zorn.

Let's hear from other loyal O. W. L. S.

MRS. O. BLANKENSHIP, *Treasurer,*
School for the Deaf,
Omaha, Neb.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

BASE-BALL.

That we have emerged into a new world of delicious atmosphere, coloring and astounding wants, cannot be denied. At the present writing, everywhere, spring gladness has wrought its noticeable effects. With it there seems little or no difference as to whether war threatens or Roosevelt is nominated ; there is but one thing in mind ; one object of the future ; one inspiration ; the double-stitched HORSE-HIDE. It had been coming all winter, slowly but surely, and now all eyes, all muscles, all hearts, welcome the triumphant dazzle of the great national game, which has at last set permanently on the Fanwood horizon for several summer moons.

Thus on the natal day, a week ago last Tuesday, bats and balls made their first appearance on the school diamond. This was just after the ground had properly dried. Then followed a week of the best ball-tossing seen on the boys' side. For the first time Manager Margraf gave the regulars a hard day's work in their war-dress, Friday afternoon. Lux, captain of the team, was unable to play, on account of an injured finger, but neverthless rendered useful service in distributing gloves and attire. It was the first work in union practiced by the nine.

Saturday afternoon is a gold page in base-ball history. It was the real opening of the season and day of much rejoicing, for it bears date of the first game and the first swoop. It's a bad omen that quotes, "A good beginning may not end well," say our boys, discussing the contest. This seems in every way true to us, for considering the daily vitality rubbed in, which, constitutes the training program, we are rapidly developing likewise a bunch of "white hopes." Speaking prophetically on physical condition, there seems no reason why in time we shouldn't have one of the best-drilled teams yet seen on the field in the last five years.

Saturday's showing shows this, except for certain stiffness. Imitating Friday's practice, the game resulted in a clean easy sweep-up for the cadets. The play was strong and steady, Cadet Rader pitching with his last year's mastery. All the players lent strong support and were unusually alert throughout, Cadet Lieut. Guinta being the only observant exhibit of foolishness, after he had allowed two easy grounders pass under him. The batting of Altenderfer was a looked-for feature, being well remembered for his last year's work. Cadet Color Sergeant Berman played back-stop, and Cadet Lieut. Cohen played in right field for the first time.

From the very start our boys had the game tucked away, and their gradual increase of score was merely due to the intervals of tight pinching they gave the hearing team. The score:—

CHAPEL A. C.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Nowak, c.	5	0	0	8	2	0
McGee, ss., p.	4	1	2	2	2	0
Carlin, 3b.	4	2	2	1	4	4
Murphy, 2b., 1b.	5	1	1	4	1	1
Cassidy, p., ss.	4	0	2	1	1	1
W Schmelz, c f.2b.	4	1	1	1	1	1
Williams, 1b.	2	0	0	6	0	0
Morgan, c.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hoffman, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
G. Schmelz, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	5	9	24	11	7

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	O	A	E
M. Cohen, r.f.	4	3	1	0	0	0
Schnapp, l.f.	5	1	0	1	0	0
Margraf, c.f.	5	1	2	1	1	0
Altenderfer, 1b.	5	3	3	5	0	0
Berman, c.	3	1	1	14	1	0
Siegel, 2b.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Burke ss.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Golden, ss.	2	0	1	0	0	1
Guinta, 3b.	3	1	0	2	3	2
Rader, p.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Totals	38	12	11	27	9	4

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
CHAPEL A. C.	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	5
FANWOOD	2	1	0	0	1	6	2	0	x	12

Summaries: Earned runs—Chapel A. C., 4 ; Fanwood, 9. Left on bases—Fanwood, 7 ; Chapel A. C., 8. Two base hits—Altenderfer, 2 ; G. Schmelz. Sacrifice hits—M. Cohen. Sacrifice fly—Cassidy. Stolen bases—M. Cohen, Schnapp, Nowak. Double plays—Berman to Siegel. Bases on balls—Off Rader, 3 ; off Cassidy, 1 ; off McGee, 2. Struck out—By Rader, 13 ; by Cassidy, 5 ; by McGee, 1. Hits—Off Cassidy, 9 in 5 1-3 innings ; off McGee, 2 in 3 2-3 innings. Umpire—Mr. Stokley. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes. Scorer—G. Sherman.

A real feeling of sadness prevailed among the boys and members of the band Wednesday, when the first notices of the sudden death of Mr. Michael Mehling were announced. For many years Mr. Mehling has admirably filled the duties of band master and musical instructor in the Institution. His services have been one of important factors in school life, all the boys bearing in heart a cherished pleasure for good music. Mr. Mehling was the youngest drummer of the Civil War, and though he was keenly sensitive to the praise bestowed upon him by the boys, he was of the most recticent and of modest nature. Many pleasant recollections were often repeated by him when the boys would gather around him after recess. He had a host of good friends here and among the former graduates, who will feel sincerely the loss of a good friend. The following clipping from a New York paper makes special comment :—

"Michael Mehling, a veteran of the civil war and bandmaster of the Riverside Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, died of heart disease Tuesday, at his home, No. 332 Twentieth Street, Brooklyn. He was sixty-seven years old and was said to have been the youngest drummer to enlist during the civil war. He first served at the age of twelve and one-half years with the Twenty-eighth New York Regiment, and later with the Fifty-second Regiment. He was a member of the German Metternich Post, G. A. R. ; Star of Hope Lodge, F. and A. M. and the Musicians' Mutual Protective Association. He leaves his wife, four sons and one daughter."

Isn't it nice in the Springtime to know you have been thought of for over a month by a bevy of charming young ladies ; isn't it nice to be roused out of bed on a cold, rainy morning to face the coming dawn with the rush of recollections of the night before ? All this and more happened this week, most on Monday eve. No less admirable was the affair arranged than the surprise it gave and, what is certain, no less beautiful were the young ladies than the pleasure derived. The whole was one of the most complete and gratifying surprise parties given by the girls of the Adrastian Society in the history of the school's record.

Sharply at eight o'clock Principal Currier summoned the Cadet Officers whom he found moored fast to their study tables, plugging away several dreary hours as usual. All smiles, he led them, in single file, through a mysterious route of dark corridors, into a still more dark apartment, where every man's hand had occasion to grab his heart for ten wee seconds. We don't know how it all happened, for some minds were still droning on mathematical problems and some on ancient history, when, lo! under a dazzling light, the innocents were confronted by a laughing, lovely-clad set of the school's best, accompanied by Mrs. Currier and the Misses Berry, Burchard, Hall, Smith, and Buckingham, of the instruction staff.

What followed was merely a whirlwind of bright colors, games, ice-cream, cake and chocolates, too much to remember accurately. The Misses Elsie Grossman and Gertude Smith had charge of it, and rendered so many pleasing suggestions that Principal Currier was happy to let them surprise his boys so finely. The winners of extra boxes of chocolates were Mrs. Currier and Cadet Lieutenant Herdtfelder for the button-sewing race ; Misses Buckingham and Smith, of the staff, won over the pupils, in the Buz-buz game, with Cadet Corporal Eberhardt for second honors ; Miss Hall, also of the staff, made a fine guess and won a jar of chocolates. Lots of fun was had out of the gossip game, somebody starting with a Thanksgiving remark and Cadet Corporal Barnes ending with Gray's Elegy.

The night's pleasure came to a very pleasing climax with all joining in the old-fashioned Virginia reel, led by Principal Currier and Elsie Grossman. The boys want to express their thanks to everybody, and especially emphasize, "Do it again, girls!"

Prof. Elwood Stevenson entertained with a lecture at the Saturday night meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association. Prof. Stevenson spoke on, "Aerial Warfare," for little more than an hour, defining its use in the present European conflagration. His essay covered a very neat history of aerial aviation. He spoke of the accidental discoveries which led to the wonderful invention of the gas balloon, and later of the flying-plane as patented by the Wright brothers. All who know of his easy and clear expressions will find pleasure in his signs.

Major Van Tassell and Mr. Margraf, Principal Currier's secretary, escorted about fifty-members of the School of Philanthorphy through the main buildings of the Institution. The students made a careful inspection of the work done in both the class-rooms and trades-school.

Miss Gertrude M. Gillett, of the Ladies' Committee of the Board of Directors, also made a visit Thursday. She was pleased with the healthy appearance of the pupils.

Principal Currier made a flying visit to Albany, N. Y., where he attended certain business matters.

The band has just added to its musical instruments two expensive clarionets, which will be given to Cadets Nesgood and Shaler. Mr. William Edwards, who is at present directing the band, will instruct them.

One of the first Sunday afternoon dress-parade set-ups of the battalion was given last Sunday. Colonel Currier inspected the lines and watched the cadets manœuvre from a distance.

Prof. Jones was as happy and merry as ever Sunday night just after he had left the stage, having recited in his far-famed style, "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," from Sir William Shakespeare.

PUPILS' ITEMS.

Mr. Herbert Lieberz, Jr., visited his sister and the cadet department Wednesday afternoon. He enjoyed mingling among the boys and spent a pleasant sojourn in conversation.

Last Sunday morning Cadet Chief Musician John Stafford learned of a big fire that spread ruin throughout his home town, Oxford, N. Y., mounting into many thousands John has not heard from his parents yet and does not know whether his own home has been destroyed or not. He remains optimistic, even though things may come out bad.

Cadet Corporal St. Clair, and Cadets Kerner, Seltzer and Hoffman, spent Saturday afternoon at the bedside of Cadet Joe Goffin, who is a patient in St. Luke's Hospital. Cadet Goffin was much pleased to see his friends, who told him how school was progressing. Joe is slowly recovering from a serious operation on the right kidney which he underwent two weeks ago.

Cadets Collins and Neger recently took to the study of agriculture, foremost of which is poultry raising. Both seem to have a wavering passion, however, for Neger is now pursuing photography, and Collins' latest fad seems to be on automobile tires.

Cadet Lieutenant Moses Schnapp has proven himself this winter's champion indoor chess, checker, and domino player. He has decisively defeated the best players in return match games, which were pleasure pastimes in the evenings whenever the boys were idle. Though Moses is proud of his laurels, he is not inclined to let it turn his head.

Cadet Lieutenant Guinta spent two days at home visiting. He was sorry to see his sick brother still confined to the limits of his room.

Two of the Cadet Officers enjoyed an hour among the historical replicas of famous Spanish art, on exhibition in the rooms of the Hispanic Society of America.

Cadet Sergeant Ciavolino has added two medium-sized pictures to the ample collection of the Protean Society. One is a large phot graph of the U. S. S. New York on trial test off the Coast of Maine. It is a fine picture of one of Uncle Sam's best dreadnoughts.

Cadet Royal A. Kroboth has perhaps one of the best photograph albums in the Institution. He takes pride in showing it to the other pupils, many of the pictures being daily scenes on the school grounds.

Cadet William Downs aspires to be an artist, we think. He has shown talent in his pencil drawings.

Fred Lochman is one of the new boys to recently join this school. He is greatly pleased with his new uniform and enjoys the association of the boys who are making him quite popular.

Cadet Joseph Collins went home last week to attend the funeral services of one of his relatives.

Cadet Edward Heilman got a letter from his grandmother, in Germany, telling of the death of his older brother, who was shot in battle, on the French front, fighting for the Fatherland. We all sympathize with him, and realize how terrible the European war must be.

Cadet Lieutenant Livingston attended the Hippodrome last week. He reports the program one of the finest yet given in Gotham. Miss Buckingham and her class attended the same performance last Friday. Everybody was delighted.

LENTEN SERVICES.

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511 West 148th Street, New York City.

Litany Service and Sermon every Friday, 8:15 P.M.

April 7th, Rev. Joseph Rushton, L.H.D., Assistant Rector of the Church of Zion and St. Timothy.

April 14th, Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, Rector of All Soul's Church, for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLY WEEK.

Palm Sunday, April 16th, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3 P.M.

Monday, April 17th. To be announced.

Tuesday, April 18th, Rev. Francis J. H. Coffin, Curate of St. Matthew's Church, N. Y City.

Wednesday, April 19th. To be announced.

Thursday, April 20th, Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D.

Good Friday, April 21st, Rev. Charles P Tinker, Superintendent New York City Mission.

Easter Day, April 23d, Holy Communion, 3 P.M.

OTHER SERVICES.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street and DeKalb Avenues, Brooklyn. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P.M.

Parish House of Trinity Church, Rector Street, Newark, N. J. Every Friday, 8:15 P.M.

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OKLAHOMA.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flood, Jr., of Sand Creek, were the guests of A. G. Hendricks and family, and the next day, Sunday, they all went to Jefferson, in the Hendricks car, to spend the 12th.

Mr. Charles Hebig, who shook the dust of Oklahoma off his shoes two years ago and moved to Minnesota, is back again. He has been in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas, but is now located in Custer City.

Mrs. Cordia Dooley, who has been to Texas for her health, has about recovered and is now at home in Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hendricks, of Wakita, ate Sunday dinner with W. E. Stover and family recently.

Mr. Martin McFarland, of Collinsville, Okla., and Bro. Robert McFarland, of Republic City, Kansas, were called to Nebraska by the death of their father.

Mrs. Nora Wilson Gordon, who has been at home with her mother all winter in Waukomis, has returned and resumed her work in the overall factory in Oklahoma City.

Messrs. Jolly Dwyer and William Davis, of Oklahoma City, made a flying trip to El Reno, to visit their old friend Carl Rice, recently. Carl has a fine farm of 160 acres, and also horses and hogs.

Mr. J. C. Carmack, of Sulphur, is now a grasswidower. His wife and daughter are now visiting in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Tuttle, are now proud parents of a sweet little girl. They have a bright deaf girl now five years old.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cain, of Cordell, were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hebig, of Custer City, to Hobart, to see the great Socialist Speaker, Mr. Eugene V. Debs. There were a dozen mutes there to see Mr. Debs.

Mr. Ora Chestnut's father died recently, after an illness of one month's duration, at his home in Drummond. Ora has our sympathy in his sad bereavement. Now Ora is capable of taking charge of his father's affairs, as he has been home and working on a farm for several years since he left school.

Mr. Richard Fair, of Yelton, wrote that he is a stockholder of the Corporation on the Farmer's New Elevator Company, of Rosston, Okla., this year. The elevator was organized by the farmers.

Many friends of Mrs. Frank Ellis, of Los Angeles, Cal., who used to live in Newkirk, Okla., will be surprised to hear of her marriage to Frank B. Roberts, of Boston, which took place on the 15th inst., in Los Angeles, Cal. Words were extracted from the *Kansas City Post* as follows :—

"A silent, though intense courtship, came to an end here, when Frank B. Roberts, millionaire deaf-mute, of Boston, and Mrs. Nellie B. Ellis, of Los Angeles, also a deaf-mute, were married by the Rev. Clarence E. Webb.

"Their romance began several weeks ago. While visiting at the Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf, he met Mrs. Ellis. It was a case of love at first sight."

Congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

Mr. Walter Stewart works in the cotton compress at Hobart. He is an excellent judge as to the grades of cotton.

Miss Nellie Mench, of Hobart, entertained at a Valentine dinner Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dooley, of Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. James Cain, of Cordell, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hebig, of Custer City. All enjoyed themselves.

Mr. Chas. Gardenhire stopped over for a day in Hobart, on his way home to Mangum.

Tom Wingrove, of Wynnewood, and Ray Ricketts, of Lulu, Okla., were Sulphur visitors.

Miss Sawtell, of Kansas City, was a guest of Miss Ethel Wickham, in Sulphur, recently.

Mr. Chas. Bell went home on the 9th, to Wichita, Kan., to spend a week with his folks. Returned to Sand Creek, accompanied by Mrs. Bell, to spend several days on their farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Dixon, with Mr. Clarence Furlow, of Wakita, motored to Enid to spend the day, Sunday, the 19th, with relatives and friends. Mrs. Dixon's brother, John Duncan, and family, moved to Enid two weeks ago, from Anadarko, and their son, Noah Dixon, has been with them all winter, going to school. He was delighted to see his parents and that he is not far from home.

Mrs. Alonzo James, of Two Buttes, Col., wrote that she and her husband got home all right with their belongings and found Mr. and Mrs. Hamby, of Springfield, Col., have been there visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd, also Mrs. Walter Myers, of Two Buttes. Mrs. James' name is on the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL list, that she may keep track of what is doing out here in Oklahoma and Kansas.

March 25, 1916.

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Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
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